# PIT SCHWEFFELBRENNER

In Elsie Singmaster's latest book **I SPEAK FOR THADDEUS STEVENS** we meet a young Pennsylvania German, Ed Rauch, who as editor of two anti-slavery papers, "The Independent Whig" and "The Inland Daily", renders the great Abolitionist valuable service. He is also active as a spy upon slave catchers in those stirring ante-bellum days of the Underground Railway.

Edward H. Rauch, better known to his generation as Pit Schweffelbrenner, is today almost forgotten, but we believe it desirable that our readers should know more about him, for he was the first columnist and letter writer in our dialect literature, the first to publish a magazine devoted to the Pennsylvania Germans, and the first lexicographer of the dialect.

Edward Henry Rauch was born in Lititz July 19, 1820, the grandson of a Rhenish immigrant, Johann Heinrich Rauch. He studied at the Academy of his native town, in his early manhood became clerk in the office of the Prothonotary at Lancaster and later Deputy Register of Wills. He turned once more to journalism, came to Bethlehem where he started the Lehigh Valley Times in 1854, but in 1857 went to Mauch Chunk where he published the Gazette and Der Carbon Adler. From 1860-1862 he served as chief clerk in the State Legislature. After three years in the Civil War he was disabled and discharged. In Reading he began to publish a small political campaign sheet which he called "Father Abraham", which however appeared only a short time in Reading, but was later revived in Lancaster. It was in this paper in 1868 that the dialect letters signed "Pit Schweffelbrenner" first appeared and soon won public acclaim, for, if we may trust his own words, "They contributed more to the remarkable popularity of that paper (Father Abraham) than anything else it contained, and the circulation increased very rapidly, not only in Pennsylvania, but also in Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, (Maryland, Wisconsin and other states". He was now encouraged to launch the magazine The Pennsylvania Dutchman. In the first number, Jan., 1873, he assures his public that "the popular 'Pit Schweffelbrenner's' letters in Pennsylvania Dutch, written by the editor of THE DUTCHMAN will continue to appear weekly as heretofore in the Father Abraham newspaper, published in Lancaster by J. D. Pyott, Esq., for which paper, under existing arrangements, they are expressly written." The little magazine was well received and brought him further renown. In the third number (March, 1873) he announces that "The editor of the Dutchman will deliver a lecture under the auspices of the Millerstown (Lehigh County) Lecture Association, on Saturday evening, March 15th, inst., in the Pennsylvania Dutch language, on the subject of "Allte un Neie T'zeita". He will also read Rev. Dr. Harbaugh's famous poem "Dass Alt Schulhaus on der Kreek" and "De Alt Hehmet" and "De Pennsylvania Millitz". The latter were two of his own poems which had just appeared in the DUTCHMAN, (Jan. and Feb., 1873). In the second number of the magazine it is evident that the editor is becoming involved in a controversy with his more literate readers, a controversy which has continued in various forms down into our own day: "Pennsylvania Dutch" or "Pennsylvania German", which? And what form shall it take in print? Shall it be spelled according to the phonetic German system or according to the unphonetic English lack of system?—In the first number of the magazine Rauch had announced that "It is our purpose to treat our readers to a liberal supply of original articles, sketches, stories, poems, etc. in the pure Pennsylvania language written according to English rules of spelling, so as to enable every individual to read it." But Rauch was liberal enough to publish in the second number of the DUTCHMAN a letter from the dialect poet, Prof. Tobias Witmer, who insisted on calling us Pennsylvania Germans and who also disagreed with Rauch in the matter of spelling, writing, as follows: "While however you take the English sounds of the letters as the base of your pronunciation, I have been led into the German believing that it will take less labor to teach the rising generation of Pennsylvanians to adopt the German sounds of the vowels, than the English, while the scholar from Europe will read the Pennsylvania German as readily with that key, whether printed in German or English type, as he would the pure (?) German." And in the same number Rauch also prints Tobias Witmer's key to the sounds of the vowels in the Pennsylvania German, which are essentially the same with those employed today by the Editor of the ECK. Rauch however adhered to his own notions. The Pennsylvania Dutchman ceased to appear after the first three issues. (See Eck for May 3). It is not quite clear to us of today why this notable venture on the part of Rauch to publish a magazine devoted to the Pennsylvania Germans should have failed. Today the three numbers of the DUTCHMAN are valuable items. The editor of the ECK has only recently seen them for the first time.

In 1879 Rauch seems to have taken new courage and published his Pennsylvania Dutch Hand-Book (Mauch Chunk, Pa.) in which however he is strangely silent about the failure of his magazine. His purpose in publishing the Handbook is expressed in the first paragraph of his preface: "About the year 1870 I made up my mind to publish this book, with a view of affording practical and profitable instruction, especially for business men who are located among Pennsylvania Dutch speaking people, and also for the many thousands of native Pennsylvania girls and boys who attend the English public schools, and yet almost exclusively speak the Pennsylvania Dutch language at home and in the community". And later in the Preface: "To read it, no study of orthography is at all necessary, because it is simply English". For Rauch it was just as simple as that—as though anyone could spell English!

Rauch's Pennsylvania Dutch-English and English-Pennsylvania Dutch Dictionary, which he had begun in his magazine and which had got only midway through the letter B in the third and last number is now brought to a conclusion and forms the larger portion of his Handbook. In addition he included Practical Exercises, Business Talk, Progress of Pennsylvania Dutch Literature, his translations from Shakespeare and several of Pit Schweffelbrenner's letters. This little book never attained the popularity of Horne's MANUAL, but it is today also one of the sought collectors' items.

Edward H. Rauch continued actively engaged as writer and newspaper publisher in Mauch Chunk, Pa. where he died Sept. 8, 1902. (For a more comprehensive consideration of Rauch, his life and his works, see Harry Hess Reichard's Pennsylvania German Dialect Writings and their Writers in Proceedings of the Pennsylvania German Society, 1918).

# ROMANS, COUNTRYMEN, AND LOVERS

**Rauch's translation of the Ghost Scene from Shakespeare's HAMLET became widely known through Horne's Manual. The earlier form, as it had appeared in The Pennsylvania Dutchman (Jan., 1973) was reprinted in the ECK for May 3. Rauch's other translations from Shakespeare, and published in his Handbook are Brutus' speech on the death of Caesar (Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 2) and Gloucester's soliloquy "Now is the winter of our discontent" (Richard III, Act. I, Sc. 1). We reprint here the former:**

## ON THE DEATH OF CAESAR

**Brutus goes into the Rostrum**

BRUTUS. Romans, mit-barger un freinda! Har mich now aw; said shtill, so os eer oll hara kent; glawbt meer uf my air, un wann eer reshpect hen for my air don glawbt eer aw wass ich sawg; blamed mich in eirm goota fershtond, awer luss aw eier fershtond wocker bleiva so os eer besser judga kent. Wann aner in dar fersommling is os 'n gooter freind tzu 'm Caesar war, tzu eem sawg ich os ar ken besserer freind tzu 'm war os ich selwer. Wann seller freind froked un wissa wili ferwoss os der Brutus uf g'shtonna is geaga der Caesar, don is des my ontwardt: Os ich der Caesar net wennicher gaglicha hob, awer os ich Rome maner gaglicha hob. Waer 's eich leever wann der Caesar lava date un eer all shklawfa, os der Caesar dode un eer all freie menner? Weil der Caesar my freind war du ich my traina fergessa for een; we are glicklich war huts meer plesseer gevva; ar war 'n brawfer mon, un ich air 'n, awer weil ar ambitious war, hob ich 'm si lava ganooma. Un now, wo is aner so mean os ar willens waer 'n bondsmon tzu si? Wann so aner doh is, luss 'n rous shwetza. Is aner doh os net 'n Roman is? Is aner doh os net seim lond der foretzoog gebt? Wann so aner doh is, luss 'n rous shwetza—so aner, of course, du ich net suita. Ich wart for 'n ontwardt!

# A LETTER

**Pit Schweffelbrenner was the first of our long line of dialect columnists and letter writers. As typical of his humor we offer the following letter which had first appeared in the Carbon County Democrat, Rauch's own paper, and which letter he later included in his Handbook. In it he offers a plan for the construction of a narrow gauge railway for the Lehigh Valley.—We have retained Pit Schweffelbrenner's own preferred spelling.**

Mister Drooker:—

Sidder os ich selly phonograph shwetz machine g'sana hob doh fergonga hob ich an gonsy set neie gadonka in meim kup shtecka. Un es is kae mistake in seller machine. Es is net feel gresser os der Bevvy era closeringer, un es hut aw 'n handle, so uf 'n awrt os we 'n booterfos. Ich hob shun uft leit hara sawga os se now 'n ding hen os wann mer ni schwetzt odder peift, os mer de wardta un oll de sounds ei shparra con, un se enniche tzeit nochderhond rous lussa—so os de machine shwetzt. Awer now hob ich 's selwer g'sae, un mit mina eagny ora hob ich de wardta selwer hare ous der machine rous cooma.

Un now bin ich aw g'satisfied os gor nix in der gonsa weld unmiglich is. My mind is now aa uf gamaucht os ich mich noch dem entirly ob geb mit science. Now gae ich ni for inventions un du se all patenta un d'no ferkawf ich de County rights un mauch geld g'nunk for 'n grose sondshtainich house baua un a pawr match geil holta un der Bevvy 'n first-rater neier dress kawfa besides.

Ich hob now shun an plan for 'n neier patent narrow gauge Railroad, aner os yusht holwer so feel kusht os 'n braid gauge double track. Yusht ea riggle is my plan. Du denksht awer mer con kae train runna uf so 'm a single track, awer ich hob 'n plan os 's dut.

My plan is os der head engineer sich forna uf de ingine shtellt mit so 'm a longer pole un dut de gons train sellerwaeg balansa—so uf 'n awrt os we der circus mon os uf 'm tight g'shponnta shtrick uf un ob lawft. Un we starricker os de train runnd uf meim patent single track, we safer os 's is, for es is yusht wann de cars shtill shtane os se umfolla kenna. Of course my plan is os mer de cars uf yader side shteibert wann de train ols shtupt on de stations, un wann mer ob shtart nemmt mer de shteiber aweck un der mon mit 'm longa pole gait widder on 's balansa, der Conductor gebt's wardt allaboard, un d'no widder uf un ob we'n hoonert horse power g'witter shtorm.

Ich hob aw'n plan for 'n Railroad os mer de trains runna con barrick nuf un nooner ona engine—gons entirely fun selwer. Of course, ennicher norr wase os barrick nooner gaits anyhow fun selwer. Awer barrick nuff runna fun selwer is 'nonner ding Awer ich hob der plan un nem aw'n patent rous derfore. Der plan is os ich de hinnera redder feel gresser mauch os de fuddera, un sell dut d'no 's gawicht fum car fun hinna ahead pusha un es fershtaet sich fun selwer os 's de fuddera redder forna weck dreibt un de hinnera aw d'no hinna noch tzeegd.

Ich con der awer sawga os 's gons ferdeihenkert feel kup arwet g'nooma hut eb os ich uf den plan cooma bin.

Un so bol os ich my patent Railroad cars amohl im gong hob sin aw de locomotiff's ous g'shpeelt. Ich hob im sin company un Shtate rights fum patent tzu ferkawfa. Du consht 'm head mon fum Lehigh Valley railroad dort in Mauch Chunk sawga os ich willens bin ena's patent recht tzu gevva for about fooftzich dausend dawler, un os se mer 'n breef shreiva sulla un mich 's grawd wissa lussa eb se's nemma odder net.

Ich hob aw'n plan for 'n neie sort patent hinkle soup kucha—an soup os ame feel geld shpawrd in denna hordty tzeita. Der plan is des: Mer grickt 'n shanes fettas hinkle un nemmts tzu 'm photograph mon un lust's obnemma. D'no wann mer hinkle soup maucht dut mer evva yusht about tzwae quart wasser in der eisa hoffa, 'n holb pint bona, about finf grumbeera in klaney shticker shneida, un plenty peffer un sols dertzu. Wann de soup om kucha is d'no muss mer der eisahoffa uf decka un 's photograph picter fum hinkle a kortz shtickly uvva drau henka un a reflecter so uf fixa os 's de reflection fum picter grawd in der hoffa ni runnd, un sell gebt der soup d'no aw der flavor fum hinkle yusht exactly so goot os wann's gons hinkle mit kup, fees un shwons in de soup ni gakucht waer. Mit ame photograph picter fum a fetta hinkle con mer soup kucha olly dawg for 'n gonses yohr.

De Bevvy glawbt awer net os mer raly gooty hinkle soup maucha con mitout mer dut's hinkle selwer in de soup ni kucha. Awer de leit hen aw net gaglawbt os mer'n machine maucha con os'n levviche mensha shproach shwetzt we seller phonograph Awer sell hob ich selwer g'sana. Un now will ich de boarding heiser un hotels amohl larna wulfelly hinkle soup kucha. Un ich insures aw os de soup yusht so goot waerd os de wo mer grickt in de boarding heiser in der shtadt.

Ich bin aw om considera for 'n patent waeg ous finna so os de boilers uf de shteam boats net ferbusta kenne. My plan is for 's wasser kucha uf forna nous uf 'm land eb os 's boat ob shtart, un wann 's fartich gakucht is dut mer 's in de shteam ingine ni runna un d'no is gor kae g'fore os 's an explosion gebt.

highly commercialized park they've seen yet.

Yosemite National Park
da 6d July, 1947
owets halver tzaea.

My Lieva Laiser:

Wie m'r die onner woch im Grand Canyon worra, hen m'r drowwa g'shtonna un nunner gaguck'd, un danovet shtain m'r drunna un gucka nuf. Der blotz woh m'r now sin, tze.t kabin nummer 553 in Camp Curry, is so tzu sawga wedder ra shtaina wond, os iwwer 3,000 foos grawd nuf gait. Un ol un uns rum, is nix wie hocha shtaina wend, wie der glae hols woh m'r darrich rei kumma sin, un der glae raver fon da Yosemite Fall, un 'm Shpiegel laich nous lawft. Der Yosemite park is 'n shainer blotz, un die hamet fon da wunnerbora grossa, dicka bame, os shier 4,000 yohr alt sei solla. M'r hen shun etlicha grossa bame g'sehna, ow'r net die aller graishda, sellie gaina m'r morya sehna, so wohl wie aw die hocha Yosemite Falls.

Ow'r fer doh rei noch Yosemite kumma, duh liever tzushtond reich. M'r hen etlicha g'frok's welar waig tzu nemma ous San Francisco, un sie hen uns ol g'sawt fer route 50 yusa bis noch Manteca, un noh uf route 120, folshter nei noch 'm park gae Won m'r ols gawunnert hen wie der waig wear, hen sie ol g'sawt "Oh, the roads are nice in Yosemite park." Un die shtrossa sin aw shae im park, ow'r fon da 72 ledshda mile eb m'r noch 'm park kumt, wolla m'r nix may weiters sawga dafon. Die Katerinah uf kours hut g'sawt wons noch aenich ebbes may fon so .na g'fohr wie sel gaibt, dade sie aintwedders aryads uf 'n train jumpa, odder shtarta hame lawfa tzu foos.

Un die uhrsoch ferwos sie m'r shtaverich werra hut wolla? Wel, sie hut gaklaimt die waiga gangda ra in die welt nei tzu nagshd on da aewichkeit hee. Un ferleicht hut sie aw recht kot, ferol os es net gons so shlim gawest sei mawg os sie gamaint hut. Sis wohr won mashina alsa mohl gaeich em kumma sin, wor ferleicht yusht 'n foos odder so iwwerich nava om automobile, ebs driwwer nunner gonga is. Alsa mohl uf kours worrs shtaina posnda ei gagrawwa, ungfare dreisich odder fartsich foos ousa nonner, un harbert eb der automobile ferelicht halt nemma het kenna wons ob gonga wear. Yusht ae drode odder shtrick on da poshda, het em 'n lot besser g'fiel in der mauga gewwa, ow'r m'r wor uf 'm waig, un m'r sin aw endlich noch 'm park kumma. Un noh ora net yusht die angichkate fom waig, ow'r aw wies um die draya rum is, un hival nuf un hivel nunner, dale fon da barya 20 mile long aina waig. Un noh wors uns noch bong dawaig wie die mashina drubba weiss gaeich uns kumma sin uf 'r rous waig, bis m'r nunner in der park kaimta.

sa fers kabin in Camp Curry.

Unser airshder blicker for. Yosemite Park woh die wertsheiser un kabins sin, hut uns ow'r g'sawt os m'r net laenich weara. Darrich die bame nunner hen m'r nix g'sehna wie mashina, un mashina, un ols noch mainer mashina. 'S hut em libehoftich gamohnt on der inside race track on da Fair dawaig wie allas mit mashina wor. Un tzelter un trailers, allas wor fol, un die menscha sin rum g'shwarm'd os wie die eema. Yosemite Park is der arrickshd kommercaliz'd park os m'r noch g'sehna hen, un ol darrich 'n Craig un Curry kumpany, woh 'n lease hen fom Unkle Sam fer longa yohra, fer die park socha om gae halta. Allas os m'r griega hen kenna fer nei wor 'n kabin, un sel yusht weil der kerl wohs garader'd hut kot, net kumma is fers uf nemma.

Sie hen 'n grosser ess blotz, un woh sie bol houd un hore fon da leit nemme fers bissel essa os sie gewwa. M'r hen 'n gons leichter supper kot, un is shier drei dahler kumma. Koffie is 10 cent 's kupchie un won m'r milich wil, sellie is finf cent may . Tzwae shticker gabaid grode, 15 cent, un won m'r 's net drucka essa wil, un wil budder, selar is fier cent may.

Owets om ocht uhr hen sie 'n program uf gamocht imma grossa dale bei leit os ihra vakation darta shpenda. Un pinklish om nine uhr, sheeva sie 'n grosser haufa gleadicha huls kola owwa iwwer selar 3,000 foos hoch rocks runner, un kuck'd libehoftich wie 'n fireicher wosser fall. Unser tzelt kabin wor grawd unna om rocks, un hut shier gamaint 's fire mist runner uf em falla.

M'r hen da morya San Francisco ferlossa so on da tzaea uhr. 'S hut uns laid gaduh fer der Jim Fink ferlossa, un er is mit so weit os wie noch da Oakland brick. Darat hut er der waig g'sawt, un 'oh ei g'sharaf'd fer ocht mile unna half fon woh m'r worra, shure mocha os m'r fon da brick kaimta. Die Oakland brick is die lansghd brick in da welt. M'r sin noh uf route 50 darrich Livermore un Tracy, noch Manteca, un fon darta noch Yosemite.

Gons California woh m'r noch worra, os wie woh sie immer om wesserra sin, 's golda gail.—allas is ferdart un guck'd wie shtroe on wie die bame net. Ow'r woh sie wesserra kenna, darta raisa sie wunnerbore gute krops, obsht un gorda soc'a fon alla orta. M'r hen g'shwetzt mit ma obsht bauer nagshd on Tracy, un woh uns g'sawt hut bauerreia weara gawainlich fon 20 bis 50 ocker gross in ihra gagend, un dade alla weil 'n $1,000 der ocker bringa. Ihar wosser kosh'd sie gawainlich so ocha unna half dahler der ocker.

Ow'r worta mohl, die Katerinah hut yucht gayohl'd 's wear tzeit fer ins neshd gae, un so sawga m'r don "Gute Nocht."

PUMPERNICKLE BILL.

# Try and Stop Me

**Daily Story from the Best-selling Book**

**By BENNETT CERF**

Just before an old gambler died, he called his three sons to his bedside and quavered, "Sons, gambling has been the besetting sin of my life, but I will die in peace if all three of you will promise never, never to follow in my footsteps.

"The money I am leaving you I made at my roulette table. Let that suffice you. I want you to promise me, one by one, that you will never play roulette yourself."

The sons promised faithfully. The dying gambler smiled happily, but suddenly a new glint appeared in his tired old eyes. "I have one more thing to tell you," he added. "If you absolutely must play roulette—be sure to take the bank."

* * *

The county coroner was just closing his office when young Dr. Smith, barely out of medical school, burst into his office. "Coroner," he said, "would you mind letting me see that death certificate I gave you this morning? It's the first one I ever had to make out, and I've got a horrible feeling that in the space marked 'cause of death' I signed my own name."

* * *

A Brookline merchant's mother-in-law passed away, and the undertaker asked him, "Would you like the body buried, embalmed, or cremated?" "Better do all three," declared the merchant, "I'm taking no chances!"

# Little Benny

**By LEE PAPE**

I was walking along with Glasses Magee just walking along, and we heard somebody saying, Here Rover, here Rover.

Being some lady and a sissey looking little kid in a white sailer suit, and they were looking all around and saying, Here Rover, and I said, G, they lost their dog, and Glasses said, I never knew dogs were called Rover outside of books.

Let's help them hunt for it, I said. And I said to the lady, What kind of a looking dog are you looking for?

He was orange color stripes and a long bushy tale, the lady said, and Glasses said, G, he ought to be easy to recognize.

Just keep on calling Here Rover, and if a dog comes up to you looking more like a cat, that's Rover, the little kid said, and the lady said, As a matter of fact, he is a cat, but he can shake hands just like a dog. Little Roland here wanted a dog, but his father doesn't think dogs belong in the same house with children, they're so ruff. So we got him a cat and called it Rover just like a dog, and Roland takes him walking with a real dog leash, she said.

That's another way you can reckonize him, he still has the leash on him, the little kid said, and the lady said, He cant be far, he never really runs away. He only goes and hides, he's just mischievous, the nawty little bow wow. You 2 boys go up to the next corner and look, and Roland and I will go down to the other corner, he's always peeping around some corner, she said.

The result being me and Glasses kept on calling Here Rover just out of politeness till we got around the corner, and then I said, Hay, who do they think is going to hunt for some sissey looking kid's cat with a dog's name?

Meening not us two.

Which we didn't.

# Today's Text

**Commentary by**
**REV. R. R. FRITSCH, D.D.**

**Hebrew 8:1-9:10**

Jesus is here described as sitting on the right hand of the throne of the Majesty in the heavens, a more excellent priest, since He is te Mediator of a better covenant than that which was made in the days when God brought Israel out of Egypt, even as the heavenly tabernacle is better than the one made in the wilderness. In chapter nine there follows a "blue-print" of the tabernacle as also given in Exodus. Within the court was the tabernacle proper, consisting of the Holy Place and the Holy of Holies, with their various articles of furniture, from the altar of burnt offering in the open court to the ark of the covenant in the innermost shrine. Only once a year was the High Priest permitted to enter this Holy of Holies, on Yum Kippur, the Day of Atonement, with the blood of an animal. This was only temporary and imperfect, and had to be repeated yearly for that reason, until the perfect sacrifice of Christ made it possible for Him to enter the true Holy of Holies on the basis of His own shed blood, to make atonement for our sins. All other sacrifices ceased after that. And there is no salvation apart from that sacrifice.

# 25 Years Ago

**July 19, 1922, a Wednesday**

Thirty-eight High School Girl Reserves left for their summer camp at Lake Mineola. The girls, who travelled by truck to the site, were: Betty Ruhe, Helen Benner, Flora Miller, Alma Hunsicker, Miriam Boyer, Isabel Wieser, Miriam and Ruth Schmid, Miriam Fried, Miriam Schwartz, Dorothy Fritz, Hannah Margolis, Ethel Echelman, Anna Wagner, Margaret Clauss, Loretta Krause, Eleanor Gilmore, Elizabeth Blose, Ethel Kramer, Rebecca Frollman, Thelma Reiner, Betty Perkin, Pauline Sell, Margaret Walters, Mary Fritsch, Mary Schureman, Althea Backenstoe, Jessie Schantz, Rowena Reichard, Roberta Raker, Jean Hagenbuch, Louise Hagenbuch, Miriam Glose, Frances Sell, Hilda Hertzog, Irene Hemmingway, Ada Zellner and Rachel Brown.

About 500 members of St. James' Lutheran Sunday school had a picnic at Dorney Park. St. Paul's Lutheran Sunday school picnicked at Central Park, and Allen Commandery, 29, Knights Templar had an outing at Sand Spring Park.

# Edgar A. Guest

**THE POET OF THE PEOPLE**

**THE LOST CHANCE**

I know when I come to the end of the road
There's much I shall wish I had learned.
Though I've tried my best with whatever the load,
There'll be many a stone left unturned.
I could have known more, but I passed the chance by,
And I'll sit regretfully wondering why.

It was useless, I thought as a boy, to learn Greek.
Now Greek I am wishing I knew.
I thought French a language I never should speak,
And so from the class I withdrew.
Had I not been so stubborn and foolish a lad,
I'd never have wasted the chances I had.

Well, boys are like that; and old men are like me.
The young think some studies are vain.
But knowledge is useful, whatever it be,
And worth all it costs us to gain.
And that is why old men, the last corner turned,
Sit wishing that more, when they could, they had learned.